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Still to ease this trembling fair one,
Here beneath thy roof I'll stay.

Sad and dismal was the hour,
Darker frown'd the leaden gloom,
When yielding to a villain's power
Kinnelm seal'd his final doom.

From that fatal moment never,
Eva to her friends return'd,
Mystic was her fate for ever,
Long the hapless maid they mourn'd.

But upon the seventh morn,
Kinnelm's floating corpse was found,
Down the river's current borne,
Pierc'd with many a ghastly wound.

Near the river stands a mound,
O'er it bending willows wave,
Water lilies spring around,
And this I've heard is Kinnelm's grave.

And still the Banshee § mourning here,
Loves to raise her plaintive song,
When each swift revolving year,
Brings the feast of good St. John.

Woodstock 'once the pride of story,
Low is now thy tower'd head,
Vanish'd all thy ancient glory,
By old Barrow's winding bed. L.

§ Bhan-shee, corrupted from Bhan-tea (or woman of the family) is an imaginary fpirit, which by nocturnal moans and lamentations, is supposed to forebode the deaths that occur in particular families.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

A NOCTURNAL SCENE.

THE last faint gleam of the setting sun, was fading on the brow of *Tully*, as I left my solitary cottage, to walk with contemplation on the green banks of the river Bann. Glimmering twilight appeared, and the western hills were lost in haze. Night soon succeeded, seated on her ebon throne; her long extended arms spread a sable veil over the skies of Erin. The eye of evening was still unclosed in the west, for now fierce Leo ruled, beneath whose reign, the veil of night is of a lighter hue, than when Aquarius inundates the world. I cast my eyes to the east, but Tully's* summit was closely shrouded in a misty cloud. Tolnahinion* shed moist vapours from her furzy locks, and Massah's* heath-clad top, was dark to view. The warbling birds, had sung their farewell to the parting day. Silence assumed her arbitrary reign, and waved her sceptre o'er a slumbering world. These only were disturbers of her peace....The night-rail chaunting her discordant song, and the loud murmurs of the falling stream, reluctant wandering from its parent hill. The winds themselves, obeyed her awful sway, the breeze was hushed in fair Glenona's groves, or sighed its last in Rosegift's peaceful shades.

I wandered on, regardless where I strayed, I felt the calm delights of solitude, which many wish for, but too few enjoy. The pale moon rose in majesty divine, to light my footsteps, and direct my way; from Stabia's* heights she shone upon my path; her silver beams embraced the surface of the crystal Bann, and scattered lustrous pearls on its streams. While thus I viewed the imperial queen of night, ascend in glory up the eastern skies, a distant noise disturbed the silence of that tranquil hour; the long grass rustled; still the breeze was hushed, yet something seemed to intercept my way; at length assisted by the lunar rays, I plainly saw a female form advance with settled sadness seated on her brow; 'twas fair Lewina, maid of lovely grace; but sorrow's tears had washed that grace away; yet still her form was like a ridge of snow, that long had bleached upon some Alpine height; the rose was blasted where it long had bloomed; its withered beauties still enriched her cheeks; but ah! how changed from what it once had been! She started wildly when she me espied, thinking the busy world had gone to rest, nor once imagined I should meet her there!

Fear not, Lewina, hastily I said, misfortune's frowns already are severe; I wander not to multiply your fears; but whither goes Lewina at this hour?

"I go" she answered "to yon ozier bowers, for Lindor's shade I hope will meet me there." She passed along, nor questions asked I more. Her white robe wet with dew, hung negligently o'er her decent form, her auburn locks brushed off the dew-drops from the flowery plain; the new-born tear, sad child of anguish,

*Hills lying to the north and north-east of Portglenone.

stole from her blue eyes: she swiftly fled to shun the haunts of men; but still I kept the hapless maid in view. Through many meadows of luxuriant grass, I watched the silent traveller, on her way. At length arriving where a dark wood frowned, I saw her lift her hands and eyes to heaven, and prostrate fall upon the humid turf; an ozier bower was wreathed above her head, that seemed to see, and mingle with her woes. I secretly retired behind the shade, to hear Lewina's plaintive tale of griefs, and watch her movements in that dreary hour.

"O Lindor! Lindor!" thus I heard her say, "if still your airy shade has power to rove, here in this well known place approach and comfort poor Lewina's soul. Here is the spot, dear youth, where first we met, these are the bowers, were witness to our loves; but now that love, the ocean broad divides; our faithful hearts shall never meet again: O yes, the day will come (a longed for day) a day, when death shall come a welcome guest, and bring me to your arms in blest abodes, where parent's hate cannot dissever love; where interest never dwells, nor fell dissention reigns, but faith and joy shall reign for evermore. Ill-fated youth! to shun a parent's scorn, you left the land to which you owed your birth, and sought another more unhappy land; you fled sweet youth! because you would not stay to hear my name degraded, or despised; your noble soul could not allow that wrong! you've often said when vengeance hovered near, and parents said they'd ever thee disown, that in Lewina all the virtues lived, and all was worth admiring, was her own; and if a life was worth enjoying here, 'twas only so, where her sweet presence graced. These words were poisoned arrows to the soul of your indignant father, for his hate to me was worse than lava to Sicilian flowers. You left Hibernia's ever-green retreats. You left the groves you many years admired; you left each dear companion of your youth, and poor Lewina dearest of them all."

"That thirst of glory due to Erin's sons, inspired thy soul and bade thee sail the main; but pledged your faith that when you would return, to make me happy as Great Britain's Queen. All hope is fled! alas! no beam of heaven-conveying joy, shall ever shine into this saddened breast. The sun of pleasure's ever set from me, its gladdening rays shall never more be mine! you sailed with Britain's undivided sons, when through the Atlantic's billowy waves they bore their dreadful thunder to the Hispanian shores. As when the orb of day, (his journey done) departs in glory from a crimson sky; so dearest Lindor did thy soul depart, and left a deep stained crimson field behind; there didst thou, like the setting sun, retire, but set, to never dawn on me again. Alas! how darkened is my night of woes; the gloom rests sadly on my drooping heart. To me nor suns nor seasons shall bring joy; nor morn nor even, fragrant field or flower, nor warbling minstrels on their native boughs, nor aught that beauty's hand, or nature gives; my fluttering soul will quickly take its flight, and leave a world wherein no comfort dwells."

"On Lusitania's lately blood-stained fields, your body rests within a narrow grave; near Tagus' streams thy dwelling place, shall be, when lost Lewina sleeps on Banna's side; this self-same spot that knew our loves sincere, shall be the place, I wish to lay my head, and here the swains and maids in plaintive strains, shall sing of Lindor and Lewina's woes. The voice of Echo in these shades shall dwell, and answer sorrow's melancholy song: a tributary, sadly pensive strain, which sympathetic *future* bards, shall sing, to permanize, our undelighting tale. Without a stone to mark thy deeds to fame, your undistinguished grave shall ever be; while less deserving, less true noble youths shall have their virtues carefully preserved by monumental time-defying domes....the latest vanity of human pride. Alas! the flowers of hope were blasted soon! Misfortune's breath has withered all their sweets, and to the root the gentle plant decays. Since hope survives no more; since joy is fled; farewell thou world of anguish, grief, and care; 'tis hard to wander through eternal gloom, for

all is darkness, wheresoe'er I go, and night itself can blacken not the same; but when this soul, that flutters to be free, shall leave behind this cumbrous lead of earth, and rise on airy wings beyond the stars: then pale remembrance with her meagre face, and drooping pity hither shall repair, to sit as mourners near my silent home. Spontaneous here the spotless flowers shall spring, and pity's tears shall add nutritious juice. The village maids will make their garlands here, and say, these flowers so innocent and fair, rise from ill-fated, poor Lewina's grave."

She ceased, and sunk upon the dewy plain, the morning star looked down upon her woes. I started wildly from the mournful scene, and slowly measured back the steps I came: the pale blue eye of morn again appeared; the moon in sadness hid behind the hill, and day was young on all the neighbouring heights. The sun returned in majesty divine, and spread his lustre over fields and groves; but sweet Lewina never more returned, to banish sorrow from a parent's heart. S.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,

If you think the following Account of Carrickfergus worthy a place in your Magazine, it is at your service..... In the Cyclopaedian Magazine of February last, a very abridged and somewhat imperfect account of Carrickfergus written by me appeared; in this account some errors which were in the former are corrected, and the whole much enlarged.

S.M.S.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN, &c. OF CARRICKFERGUS.

CARRICKFERGUS (anciently called *Dunoobarky*, from *Dun*, a fortress, and *sober*, strong or powerful; afterwards called *Knockfergus*) is situated on the north side of that large and commodious bay, to which it gives its name, in the county of Antrim, nine miles N.E. of Belfast, and eighty-eight of Dublin; was founded by Fergus the first, king of Scotland, about 320 years before Christ*.

It does not, however, appear to have become a place of much importance till the arrival of the English, about the year 1178, when Hugh de Lacy founded the castle; placing a strong garrison to awe the adjacent country.

The town is pleasantly situated along the shore, and has a thriving appearance, many of the best houses having been built within these few years; the houses are built mostly of stone, commonly two or three stories high, within the walls; except the main street, all the others are narrow, and though tolerably well paved are usually kept dirty.

The parts without the walls are called the Irish and Scotch quarters; they contain a greater number of houses than the town, as may be seen from the following list taken November 12th 1808.

In the town, ...	214
Irish quarter, ...	160
Scotch quarter, ...	113
Total, ...	487†

Supposed number of Inhabitants, 3400.

In June, 1797, the number of dwelling houses in the town, &c. was 452, (increase, 35 houses.) The town was formerly a place of strength, encompassed with a wall and wet ditch, having four gates, some of which were in former times entered by draw-bridges: a great part of the walls is yet standing, and is flanked with bastions near twenty feet high. It does not, however, appear to have been capable of a long resistance at any time since the invention of artillery, being commanded by the adjacent country.

The Church is an old building, in the form of a cross‡, dedicated to

* Fergus was afterwards lost in a storm coming from Scotland, with many of his nobles, in the 20th year of his Reign. Tradition says, his body was found on the beach near the town, and buried at Monkstown, a place about three miles W. of the town.

† No houses are in this list but such as are inhabited.

‡ The Church formerly belonged to an abbey which stood near the place where the county of Antrim Court-house is built. The subterraneous passage by which it communicated, is still to be seen.